Comfort in the End Times

Marrow in the bones for the suffering one who waits for the Second Coming of Jesus

by

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To my father Willy, who have waited so long and eagerly for the “rapture”

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Preface to the Swedish edition

In this writing I have collected blog posts about the theology of waiting and things that comfort, from my blog “Waiting for Jesus”. The blog posts were written during the second half of 2023. It is actually an expansion of the book “Theology of Waiting. A Martyr Theology” (“Väntans teologi. En martyrteologi”, 2023),

We need all the comfort we can get, such are the hard times we live in.

Lars Larsen, Stockholm 1.3.2024

Preface to the English translation

This book is one of my most important writings, and therefore I have translated it into English.

Lars Larsen, Stockholm, 18.2.2026

Part 1:
A Theology of Waiting

"Nearer today than yesterday" (poem)

In my early youth and childhood,
the return of Jesus felt
so distant
that it was like the beginning
of a marathon.
Now the return of Jesus
feels so close
that I count the days.

"Closer today than yesterday"
was an often sung phrase about the return of Jesus
in my childhood and youth.
Back then, it felt almost hopeless to sing like that,
as a small consolation, so much time was left.
Now the phrase feels
like a dark warmth in my stomach.

The warmth of anticipation for the Second Coming of Jesus

The thought of Jesus' return
creates warmth in the pit of your stomach,
(it feels like it's real!)
a bit like when you were a child
waiting eagerly for Christmas Eve to arrive,
a bit like the feeling
when you woke up
on Christmas Eve, 24.12.,
and the Christmas tree was decorated
with signs of love,
that it was time
to get new lovely toys
for Christmas gifts. Ideally, it would be
Lego or Playmobil.

I also know of many signs
of Jesus' return,
and waking up to them
is even more lovely.

A Theology of Waiting. A martyr theology

(this chapter may very well be read while one listens to this wonderful reggae song by "Steel Pulse" in the album "Tribute to the martyrs", which is some serious African martyr theology)

There are many theologies out there. They all focus on something. "Theology of Hope" (Jürgen Moltmann), "Liberation Theology" (Leonardo Boff and Gustavo Gutiérrez), "Theology of Love" (Fredrik Vesterberg and his "Amorism"), "Ecotheology" (Pierre Teilhard de Chardin), "Contextual Theology" (Kosuke Koyama), etc. etc.

What is my theology? What should I call my theology? I call my ecophilosophy "animalism", but what do I call my theology in general?

Let me present my most beloved Scripture verses, the only ones I have on my wall at home:

2 Tim. 4:8: *"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."* (King James Bible) (see the Greek word for "love" in the text, here)

The Swedish Bible Commission's translation from 1981 translates "longs for" instead of "love", and is also a completely adequate (in accordance with the Greek root word "agape") and one in the context fitting translation.

Blessed are you if you love and long for His coming. Test yourself, examine yourself if you are covered by this promise. I consider it to be the sweetest promise in the Bible, next to the promise of the Restoration of All Things, of course. Think how simple salvation is! You just have to

start looking for another kingdom, start longing for the kingdom of heaven. The Danish-Norwegian bishop Erik Pontoppidan in the 18th century, a true Pietist classic, wrote in his time that the longing faith is already the saving faith, faith does not have to be certainty for one to be saved. It is because Paul says that "in hope we are saved" (Rom. 8:24).

But another verse on the same subject:

Heb. 9:27-28: "*and as it is laid up to men once to die, and after this -- judgment, so also the Christ, once having been offered to bear the sins of many, a second time, apart from a sin-offering, shall appear, to those waiting for him -- to salvation!"* (Young's literal translation)

"New American Standard Bible" has "*to those who eagerly await Him*" (see the full text in this translation here). It is a perfectly adequate translation, in harmony with the Greek root word for "wait," "apekdechomenois".

Yes, I have waited so long for Jesus to return in my life that my lifestyle has become that of a waiting person, one who waits, who lives in waiting, who is characterized by waiting, and one who is warmed by what is to come, drawing nourishment from what is to come. That I do not have my kingdom in this world, but wait for another world, foreign to this world. Through all my many stays in detention, prison and especially in mental hospitals, this waiting attitude has been strengthened in me.

Who remembers all my doomsday dates that never came true? That I am always preoccupied with doomsday dates, constantly hoping for one date or another? This is part of the theology of waiting. Doomsday dates keep hope alive.

I think I have managed to express my attitude to life well in the following poem:

I live in waiting

(melody: "Jag väntar", lyrics by Dan Andersson, melody by Torsten Bergman)

I live in waiting for my beloved Lord,
I do not see him and do not hear his voice.
I live like a person who has lost his sight, unfortunately,
who waits for his healing, for the comfort of life.

At birth I lost the heavenly home,
I will receive it once again when I die.
In the meantime I wait in the earthly dust,
the only thing, the only thing that I will do in the end.

(Lars Larsen 11.1.2023)

* * *

I can only think of seven people who have waited for Jesus' return to the same extent or something like that, as I have, and they are William Miller (founder of the Adventist Church) Fredrik Franson (founder of the Swedish Alliance Mission), Harold Camping, Gunnar Bertelsen (a "Smith's friend" and friend of my father. Gunnar passed away 4 years ago), my father Willy, my brother Josef and my brother Nils. There has been a lot of calculations there, I can promise, prophetic mathematics. When you wait really long for somebody, you start calculating on the time of his/her return. It is very much the mathematics of longing and love; if there is such a thing at all, this is where it occurs. I can testify to that from my own life. It is especially suffering that makes one calculate.

When did I start counting prophetically? The seed for it was created in January-February 2009, when I, due to a recent time of psychiatric torture, longed so unimaginably deeply for the return of Jesus as I had never done before or since. The longing really ached in me. Then I did a little prophetic mathematics, for the first time in my life, I looked up all

the scripture verses in the New Testament that dealt with the return of Jesus, and calculated how many days I had left to live if I died at 80. The answer was 20,000 days, which surely felt like a lot. But that was my first doomsday date that I had calculated on. My assumed year of death. Because a judgment occurs at the moment of our death. A mini doomsday. That was the only thing I dared to calculate on at that time.

But 21.5.2011, Harold Camping's first doomsday date, was perhaps the first date for the return of Jesus that I had calculated on and around, and eagerly awaited. At that time I had my own version of Camping's date, namely 11.11.2011, which was also important in New Age (I was a bit New Age-influenced at that time). I also think it was an American guy who had done a calculation, coming up with 14.5. 2011, and that I was hoping for that date too, and experienced something powerful on that particular day, which was strange.

But what is the "Theology of Waiting"? How would I describe it?

- Love is most important of all, of all qualities, of everything in life. But. For the theology of waiting, **patience is the most important quality of love**, not meekness or mercy. Patience includes both of these latter two qualities. Nothing makes us so rooted in love as to wait in silence for the Lord and his intervention. To have our whole gaze turned upwards, towards the heavenly, and wait for heaven, and heaven alone, and for nothing else. It is to walk before the face of the Lord.

- It is a **marathon theology** of toughness, not a bodybuilder theology. The strength of waiting is marathon strength, not a macho strength, not the hard and intense frontline battle, but the strength of the radical pacifist to win in the long run through submission and love for one's enemies, so that all wars are silenced. God competes with Satan in a spiritual marathon, and his victory is certain, because only goodness can wait, evil wants a "quick fix", "quick kicks" and "quick cash", evil simply cannot wait.

- It is also **the theology of hard work**, because nothing requires as much patience as hard work, especially hard physical work, like digging ditches and digging graves. It is a real "gravedigger's theology" where one slowly buries one's Old Adam in a very deep, self-dug grave, which takes a very long time and great patience to dig. I got to practice grave-digging theology in my childhood and early youth, when I did an extremely large amount of digging for my father (among other things, I dug a very large pit for the septic tank or the sewage well for the new house) and as a summer worker at my brother Nils' job as a landscape gardener, when I worked 12-hour days with hard physical labor, with a lot of digging. All of that led to an injured wrist, which is now healed.

-It is **an extension of "animalism**" (my particular ecophilosophy that we should follow the example of animals, i.e. the heavenly in them, not that which is under the power of the Fall), because it is among the animals that we find the most patient creatures on our planet. No one reaches what a donkey or a camel in ancient times could achieve in terms of patience and toughness and endurance. No one today needs such patience as the animals that live their whole lives in small cages, minks in small cages or hens in small cages, God is like the donkey and the camel, the mink and the hen, patient and tenacious and hardened beyond what words can say.

-**God is waiting out Satan**. It is his tactic that he will win with. No other strategy would have the power and might to bring all souls and beings back to paradise. God lets Satan play out his game, lets him destroy his kingdom from within (for evil is always at war with itself), and this is the only thing that can save him, and make him understand what he has done, and repent.

-The theology of waiting is **an end-time theology, the theology of the martyrs waiting in the very end times**, when it will be most difficult. The Bible has described this martyrs' waiting in a very clear and concise way in Revelation 6:9-11:

"And when the Lamb opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God and for the testimony they had upheld. And they cried out in a loud voice, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, until You avenge our blood and judge those who dwell upon the earth?"

Then each of them was given a white robe and told to rest a little while longer, until the full number of their fellow servants, their brothers, were killed, just as they had been killed." (Berean study Bible)

-**Theology of Waiting is a branch of the German theologian Jürgen Moltmann's "Theology of Hope",** but one that arose in the greatest suffering, and is therefore a martyrology, quite simply. It draws all the consequences of the "Theology of Hope", and roots it in the suffering of the last days.

My life on the internet: waiting for the liberation of the collapse (poem)

My life on the internet
is to watch for signs
that the Monster Machine "civilization"
is collapsing.
That the very foundation of my life
on the internet is collapsing (is that suicidal? I don't think so).
While I **live** my sorrow
over everything this machine mows down
when it is doing well and "everything is good",
when "everything is going smoothly".
My almost only consolation
is to research signs
that the energy that drives
this Monster Machine
is running out,
and to see how the machine
is falling apart, more and more,
from age, from wear and tear, from climate change,
from overuse of resources, from "overshoot",
there my soul gets its nourishment,
and from ancient prophecies
that the world will be given a new chance
after the Monster Machine stops,
that everything will be new and good again,
and that the nature the Machine slaughtered
will rise to eternal life.

(Lars Larsen 9.8.2023. Today is 18 years since I entered into my sacred covenant with Nature, by marrying the pine tree Shekinah in the Varissuo Forest in Turku, I have written more about this here, I celebrate it through this little note and this poem)

Our most important muscles; the waiting muscles (aphorism)

The most important muscles a person can train are not the bodybuilder muscles, nor the marathon runner muscles, nor the ditch or grave digger muscles, nor the soil turning muscles in gardening, nor other farmer muscles, but **the waiting muscles**, the spiritual muscles we train every time we wait.

Three short poems

The Ox's Song

When you honor in the honor of honor
you can bear in the bear of the bear.

The Mystery man's Warning Song

If you mystify in the mystery of mysteryness
then you will be eaten in the eatability of the eatness.

The Louse Brain (the anti-lice remedy song)

Think that the louse also has a brain
so excellent in its smallness.
I wanted to cherish that brain
more than I can ever understand.

(all three by Lars Larsen, 30.6.2023)

"Teach us to number our days, so that we may gain wisdom in our hearts!"

Psalm 90:12, one of my favorite Bible verses, reads like this in two classic translations:

Swedish (1917)
Teach us to consider how few our days are, so that we may gain a heart of wisdom.

Norwegian (1930)
Learn to count our days, that we may gain wisdom in our hearts!

The English "King James" translation, and most other English translations, such as the literal "Young's Literal Version", also translate as "learn to number our days" (see here). From that comes the expression "our days are numbered".

I quoted these Bible verses to explain why I do so much prophetic mathematics and oil export mathematics. I do it to train my mathematical brain functions, which are in very poor condition due to my psychiatric medications, which damage the technical part of the brain, but also to practice "memento mori", the classic meditation on one's mortality, which all monks and mystics throughout history have done. And, of course, because I so earnestly await the end of suffering.

The Pervasive Reality of the Spirit World and the Resurrection of Jesus (poem)

I would like to feel its reality.
I would like to feel it in my marrow and bones,
as I feel my heavy body and the beating of my heart,
until it becomes an inseparable part of myself;
the reality of the spirit world and the resurrection of Jesus.
I would like to be so permeated
by their reality,
that I got prepared to suffer and die for them,
sacrifice everything for them, become a scrape for their sake,
I would like to sing praises to Jesus
on the torture bench, in a restraint belt,
fully certain that it is He who has the true power,
and that earthly tormentors are
worms and crawling things to Him,
which He can stop as easily as possible.
I would like to be so filled with the reality of the spirit world and Jesus
that I can, like the Indian mystic Sadhu Sundar Singh,
feel heaven within me lying in a rotting cistern, full of rotting flesh (1),
lying there with broken arms awaiting death (see this article).
Certain that the best will happen to me,
that heaven and Jesus are here too,
just as in paradise in the spirit world,
and that God will make a way out of this too,
grateful for the opportunity to exercise my patience.

(1) "The most wonderful experience the Sadhu has ever had of this peace was on that occasion when he was thrown into a well which was full of

dead bodies. "The physical suffering was great, but in spirit I was happy. I began to pray to God, and His joy flowed into my heart to such an extent that I forgot the gruesome place I was in. A wonderful peace filled my heart, so lovely that I cannot describe it." "Never have I experienced greater blessedness in the peace of Jesus, received through prayer, than during those very days. Christ's peace turned that deep well into the Gate of Heaven." "How was it possible to have the peace of Cod in the pitch-dark night, in the midst of corpses and dead men's bones? Joy like this, peace like this, comes from. nothing in this world. God alone can give it. While I was sitting in the well I reflected that I never felt this kind of happiness while I lived in the house of my parents in comfort and luxury. Whence, then came this overflowing joy in that terrible den? I saw then more clearly than ever, that Jesus is alive, and that it was He who was filling my heart with peace and joy." " (from this article)

The Music of Stones (poem)

If you really
put your ear to a stone
and slow down your soul
and wait really, really long,
then you can hear
from the stone's interior
dull, soporific tones
of slow music,
the music of the ages,
which Leonardo da Vinci
once, in prophetic ecstasy
dreamed sweet dreams
about being able to compose.

(Lasse Louse Brain, 1.8.2023)

The Stone (poem by Bo Setterlind)

A stone on the ground
should not be despised,
it also has a sky
- if only we give ourselves
time.

(Bo Setterlind)

Something about suffering, growing in the Sahara and dying of grief

When we witness severe suffering, e.g. in the elderly or in mental patients, and we then wonder where God is, we really know nothing about how God gives everyone the strength to bear their suffering, even atheists, we know nothing about how God works in the hidden, often nameless, even helps atheists without them knowing it, and we should therefore not be quick to accuse God or doubt His existence.

In the middle of the Sahara, mysterious plants (like these) grow, reminiscent in hardiness of camels, and in nutrient-poor asphalt cracks, dandelions can grow, and we may have difficulty understanding how these can grow and thrive there, how they can even want to grow there, but we should not doubt that they want to, and that they get their share of the forces of life (without which we wither and stop living, die of sadness and lack of lust for life), so that they can grow, and not wither. So too with the suffering ones. It's like in my poem "The House Spider's Song", where the house spider says about his poor life: "But who knows what God has for me there?". How can the house spider want to live in such a poor and dangerous environment as an apartment?

I once heard a story about a dog that died of love sorrow after its owner died. It just stopped eating. For that dog, the rain completely stopped growing in the Sahara. When it stops, we seek higher spheres, where the climate is much better, but as long as there is a little rain in the Sahara, no matter how little, there is something in us that wants to stay here in the world of suffering, and this something cannot be explained, this something is something that is enough for us to stay. We stay because God in us wants it. And when the time comes, we move to a better climate, both spiritually and physically, namely the heavenly world.

The Swedish singer and actor Thore Skogman died of grief over his wife Britt.

No one has to stay in this world of suffering, which I call "the only hell there is". If we think we are "not getting enough rain", then we tell God, and God hears our prayers, and moves us to a better world, if not here on earth, then to the spirit world. We have to trust that. If the spirit world really exists, then this is how it works.

More about the theology of waiting, the day of judgment and the cosmic consciousness

(this chapter can be read with advantage to the tune of the following lovely song from the 18th century: *"Rameau : "Tendre Amour" - Les Indes galantes [William Christie]")*

2 Tim. 4:8: *"Now there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all who have loved his appearing."* (see the Greek word for "love" in the text, here)

Heb. 9:27-28: "*And just as it is appointed for men to die once, and after that to face judgment, so Christ, having been offered once to bear the sins of many, will appear the second time, without sin, to those who are eagerly waiting for him for salvation*."

These were the two Bible passages on which I based my chapter "Theology of Waiting: a Martyr Theology" before in this book.

I will try to explain the spiritual meaning of these Bible passages in more detail:

When we are born again from above, we become citizens of another kingdom, a higher world. Then this world, i.e. "civilization" or "Babylon" is no longer our kingdom. Then we no longer belong to the world/civilization. Then we wait for something Higher to intervene and transform everything. We live in waiting. This is the essence of the "theology of waiting", which is related to the theologian Jürgen Moltmann's form of the same; what he calls "theology of hope".

If our kingdom is of this world, then we go in for this world, and invest everything in it, invest our soul and our money in it. Then we gladly live

in luxury and wealth, as most in the Western world do, while the poor and beggars stand outside our doors with their begging bowls, both physically and spiritually. **And if we have invested a lot in this world, then we also lose a lot when this world falls**, and Paradise returns, which will happen, 100% certainly. We lose our life, **because our life was in this world**. Jesus said "*Whoever seeks to gain his life will lose it; but whoever loses it will save it*" (Luke 17.33). Those who fatten up themselves in this world, **they have already received their reward,** as Jesus said. For them, the destruction of this world is a true loss, **because they do not expect a Higher World**, they believe that everything will end then, which was a main reason why they bet everything on this world. Having one's kingdom in this world is closely connected with atheism and materialism/naturalism (physical wealth in our world is also a form of practical atheism), but even Christians can be materialistic, e.g. the Word of Faith Christians who believe in prosperity theology. They also wait for Jesus, but they wait for a false Jesus, therefore their fate will be like that of the atheists/materialists. They also have their kingdom in this world, because their Jesus is not the Jesus of the Bible, but is the god of this world, i.e. Antichrist and Satan.

If our kingdom is not of this world, if in this time we suffer with Christ and the poor, participating in their poverty and destitution, because we cannot look coldly at their sufferings, then we do not receive our main reward in this time, but in the one to come, as Paul writes about in Romans. 8:17:

"And if we are children, then we are heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified with him."

The same thought is also expressed in 2 Tim. 2:12 (Living Bible translation, see other translations here. The King James Bible translates the same way)

This thought is very important for understanding the theology of waiting. It is organic and logical. It is simple mathematics, so to speak. We

can gain assurance of salvation by examining ourselves whether we are waiting for Christ, for a Higher World, or whether we have our kingdom in this world. Whether we are waiting for another Kingdom or whether we already have our kingdom now. If we are waiting for Christ, then we are saved, then his return will be our victory. If we wait for civilization to triumph, if that is what we are betting on and investing in, then we are not saved, we will not be saved on the Day of Judgment, which is a logical conclusion of our attitude to life. Then the return of Jesus, who breaks the branch of civilization once and for all, will be our loss, we will be losers on the Day of Judgment, because we have invested in the luxury and wealth of the world and have not cared about our neighbor, we therefore do not have high heavenly status. We are caught red-handed by Jesus.

We will be losers, **but only for a short time**. Gradually, we will grow significantly in humility, on the New Earth, in the right environment and with the right teaching, and, when we understand that status is not everything, not even heavenly status, we will reconcile ourselves to our low heavenly status, have a transformed heart, and begin to do good, which in turn increases our heavenly status.

But at first it feels as if we have lost everything, and we will, like Peter who denied Jesus, go out into the darkness and weep bitterly. Jesus described this with the following words:

"*There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when you see Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and yourselves cast out*." (Luke 13:28)

This is the weeping of the rich on the Day of Judgment (and this also describes the beginning of the afterlife for the rich ones). First, it is selfish. Then, when they humble themselves, and are filled with the Spirit, i.e. saved, as they will be on the Other Side, then they will not weep over themselves, but then they will weep over the devastation they created on

earth with their luxury and wealth, weep over the death of Mother Earth (for she will die, because of the terrible deeds of the rich, and then rise in glory, with all the creatures of the earth). This weeping is described by John the Revelator in Rev. 1:7:

"Behold, he cometh with the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Amen."

This is the cry that all shall weep on the Day of Judgment. But at the beginning some shall rejoice (those who are caught up in the "Rapture"), and others shall weep. This is not what John the Revelator wants to convey, but he means by his cry the cry that all shall weep, i.e., the one who takes place at Jesus' visible coming for all.

They shall weep for the poor, for the captive animals, for the ravaged face of Mother Earth, **which they shall see in the thorn-crowned face of the Crucified One.**

The whole universe shall weep with us, for everything is connected. Our salvation will be, in a limited way, the salvation of the entire universe, for the entire universe has suffered with us and our fall*, **the entire universe knows what has happened in our little corner of the cosmos** (the planet Earth is, however, the only planet that has fallen into the Fall). Take this into consideration when you commit any sin.
And when we are resurrected, we will be welcomed by the entire universe, this infinite life-giving **Life Sphere** of the life of life from which we have been cut off by our entry into hell, i.e. earthly life, the captivity in the shackles of matter. We will be allowed to come home, home to cosmic consciousness, home to unity with the entire universe, home to that belonging to the Greater Reality, which was our origin, our birthright, our self-evident home.

So great is God in us, and so insignificant is the life in sin we live here on earth, where we do not even find a home in our closest fellow human

being, but only revolve around ourselves all the time. Imagine the difference between this and finding a home in the entire universe.

There was a time when I had a recurring mystical experience of indescribable unity with my fellow human beings. It was during my studies at Åbo Akademi University 2004-2006. When I ate my school lunch in the school cafeteria, and came to chewing on my always excessively large pile of raw food (I was a health fanatic, I also chewed my raw food long and thoroughly), then, when I chewed on it, it was as if my soul rested in all their souls who were sitting in the dining room. My soul rested in them, and had found its home in them. They were my soul's bed and home. That was how it was every time I ate raw food in that dining room, during that sweet time, the happiest of my life. It was for me a foretaste of cosmic consciousness, but it was for me a completely animalistic experience, a natural-mystical experience, which had little to do with what the churches are doing. And that's how it has remained. All my mystical experiences (which are quite many) have had little to do with the church, have been something completely unique, which I don't find in the church (which feels to me like a very petty and limited world).

But what I sensed in the dining room at that time, what I got to taste, makes me willing to sacrifice everything for Jesus, because that's how sweet cosmic consciousness is, the oneness with everything. The church has made salvation very petty and navel-gazing. Only with eco-theology do we begin to understand what salvation is really about, when we connect with nature and non-human animals. And this has been my mission on my blogs.

* however, according to my Christian theosophy, most of the universe is not involved in a direct way to fight for the restoration of the earth, but only a very limited number of planets do this, the "doomsday planets", it could be about 20-50 planets, those closest to the earth (all planets in the Cosmos have life on them, but most of it cannot be tracked and detected, it belongs to a higher reality). God has done it this way to spare the universe from suffering. So most planets live in an innocence that can be

compared to that of the fetus in the womb, but still everyone in the cosmos knows about the suffering on planet earth, because everything is one in heaven, and they pray for and therefore suffer with us, to a certain limited degree, but no more than the fetus in the womb does. The infant also screams a lot, and that is, even though the infant does not suffer that much herself, her cry over our fallen world, a bit like how most of the universe does.

The Waiting of the Martyrs.Those of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Another piece of the theology of waiting.

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God and for the testimony they held. And they cried out with a loud voice, saying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, do you delay judging and avenging our blood on those who dwell on the earth?" And a white robe was given to each of them, and it was said to them that they should rest yet a little while longer, until the number of their fellow servants and brothers who were to be killed as they were was also completed." (Rev.6: 9-11)

This is an archetypal symbolic story of the waiting and longing of the martyrs throughout history. But it only describes the waiting and longing of the **Old Testament** martyrs. For it is a longing for revenge.

Of what consist the waiting of the New Testament martyrs? They do not wait for revenge, but for reconciliation, all-reconciliation. The New Testament martyrs wait for the salvation of their fellow men, not for their destruction. For the Restoration of All Things, not for hell for their enemies. Their blood cries out like the blood of Jesus, not like the blood of Abel, which describes the Old Testament martyrs.

The letter to the Hebrews describes the difference well, in its twelfth chapter:

"For you have not come to a mountain that can be touched and that is burning with fire; to darkness, gloom, and storm; to a trumpet blast or to a voice that made its hearers beg that no further word be spoken. For they could not bear what was commanded: "If even an animal touches the mountain, it must be stoned." The sight was so terrifying that even Moses said, "I am trembling with fear."i

Instead, you have come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. You have come to myriads of angels in joyful assembly, to the congregation of the firstborn, enrolled in heaven. You have come to God the Judge of all, to the spirits of the righteous made perfect, ***to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the sprinkled blood that speaks a better word than the blood of Abel."*** (Hebr. 12:18-24, Berean Standard Bible, bold text added by me)

Abel's (the first martyr in history) blood spoke of vengeance. Jesus (the greatest martyr in history) and his blood speak of forgiveness and reconciliation. For everyone. Vengeance is completely absent there. To 100%.

The Book of Revelation is still partly in the sphere of the Old Testament, for the Bible of John the Revelator was the Old Testament, he lived and breathed in that book, as can be seen from the symbolic language in the Book of Revelation, and from how much of that book deals with punishment and vengeance. John was saved in a New Testament way, but one does not become a saint in a day. He was in the "intermediate state" between the Old and New Covenant. Only when one reaches perfection does one fully enter the New Covenant, when, so to speak, "**one enters through the veil into the Most Holy Place of the heavenly temple**" (see Heb. 10:20), of which the earthly temple of Jerusalem was an image and a pale shadow (according to Paul, this temple and its temple service were the service of death and the letter). Before that, one is in the "Holy Place", i.e. the large room that one first enters when entering the temple, the room that symbolizes the "intermediate state" in the spirit world, the "second heaven", the "sanctification process", "the Way", i.e. the long way from being saved until one has reached perfection. On this way **one is somewhere in the middle between the Old and New Testament**, the Old and New Covenant. Somewhere on that way one has his confrontation with the Old Testament and its image of God, and perhaps it leads to one being cast out of the Christian congregation (which in its external form is often very Old Testamental), to one sharing the fate of the martyrs and the oppressed even to that extent. Perhaps John had not yet had this confrontation? It usually comes late on the path to sanctification

(just think how difficult it is to get rid of the traditional doctrine of hell, which is very, very Old Testamental, even more so than the biblical Old Testament doctrines). For many it leads to distancing oneself from all of Christianity, because the Christianity that is out there is usually so permeated with the Old Testament and its image of God. Even Jesus had this confrontation at some point in his youth, but we find no trace of it in the New Testament, we only feel how different his religion was from the religion of Judaism at his time. It was something completely new and different, not the religion of law and revenge, but the religion of love, completely through and through.

But now back to our theme of waiting. Waiting is the basic state of the martyr. **It is when one suffers that one waits the most.** He who lives in paradise no longer waits. No, he lives in the eternal Now, where time plays no role, where the past and the future are one, in one great NOW. That is perfection.

The more one suffers, **the more time means to one**. The more one waits for the end of time, scouts upon time, counts down time, hopes that time will end, that something will happen that will make the waiting end. One watches for **the signs of the times**, not least. Isn't prophecy, the one that has to do with the future, the great passion of the martyrs? Is it any coincidence that the Book of Revelation was given from heaven precisely to a martyr*, John the Revelator, who was a prisoner of the Romans and a slave in mines on the island of Patmos (so tradition says)?

Prophecy is the great passion of the martyrs, and the question "**Oh, how long, Lord**?" is their great, burning question, as it is in our text at the beginning of this chapter. How common is it among the martyrs to hope for some date of Judgment Day, a date for the return of Jesus? It is the martyrs who like this the most. With them, **hope** is considerably strengthened, compared to ordinary Christians. The theology of waiting, the theology of martyrs, is thus **the theology of hope**, more than anything else. Hope is the salvation of martyrs. The apostle Paul, a classic martyr in many ways, even says that "*in hope we are saved*" (Rom. 8:24). The martyr looks out towards the end of history, and feels the

glow of the future warming him, the martyr warms himself on the glow of the future, his god is "the God who is to come" (the expression of John the Revelator), for him God is the God of the future, and comes to him from the future. He collects the coal bits of hope, collects things that can give him knowledge of the coming Apocalypse, gathers them frantically, as if they were glowing charcoal that he collected, gathered together and blew on, so that he could warm himself a little, a little more, warm himself on the promises of God. Yes, nothing is as important to the martyr as God's promises, and it is precisely these that prevent the martyr from committing suicide in his suffering, it is these that give him the meaning and purpose of his life, the promises he has managed to scrape together from world literature, and which he can make burn, and which he can warm himself with.

But even he who does not suffer himself can be fully involved in waiting. There is a phenomenon called compassion, which makes us wait eagerly with those who suffer and wait. God does not suffer himself, but He only has compassion. And His compassion is so strong, He takes suffering so seriously (more than any other being), suffering is so important to Him, that **He is the one who waits most of us all**, His waiting is so strong, that the core of His being and will **is the divine Plan, it is the apple of His eye, the Plan and the Promises, which are the core of the Bible**. No one wants hell to end as much as God does, hence the fact that **the Bible is actually full of promises**. Hence the fact that God is **the Great Pain Reliever**, who knows how to comfort His martyrs. God's way is the way of the martyr, God is Himself a martyr, God suffered and suffers in Christ, and in Christ He still suffers. That is why God can comfort so well, for He is Himself a martyr, "the suffering God", as a gem of a book by Bishop Erling Eidem (1880-1972) was called.

But God's waiting and longing, it is the **perfect** waiting and longing, it is therefore not the waiting and longing of vengefulness, but a waiting and longing for the salvation of all beings and the Restoration of All Things. That is why the Bible is full of this teaching, and perhaps it is the most

important teaching of the Bible. God prays for his executioners, Jesus, the martyr of martyrs, and his blood, cries out for mercy.

That is why we have reason to hope for more than our minds can comprehend, hope for the perfect, the best for all creatures, the best we can think and dream of, for the God who does more than we ask.

That is why the apostle Paul exclaims in this lovely hymn of praise in the Letter to the Ephesians:

"*Now to Him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to His power that is at work within us, to Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, forever and ever. Amen*." (Eph.3:20-21, Berean Standard Bible)

* according to my martyrology, all who suffer greatly for the sake of Jesus are martyrs, and will receive the martyr's crown, not just those who die for the sake of Jesus, which may, in comparison with many other sufferings, be a very small sacrifice.

My longing for forest life. And my poem ”Allurement to Forest Paradise”

If I were allowed to truly follow my heart, I would want to move to the forest, escape from psychiatry and live in one of my many places in the forest, as a homeless person, and then I would take long walks in the forests of Sweden, all year round, and spend the winters on the relatively warm west coast in the forests between Gothenburg and Halmstad, and the summers in the forests near Stockholm and Järna. I would beg for my food every day and sleep in a sleeping bag and on a sleeping mat (which I would carry with me in a large backpack) under the open sky, with a thin tarpaulin over me if it rained. I would escape from psychiatry and never return to civilization, but have the forest as my castle and sanctuary, my real home. Live as a hermit, a mendicant monk and a sadhu there.

I would live like this for the rest of my life, completely one with the forest and its life and conditions, like a wild deer, medicine-free, so that I can once again feel the spirit of prayer in me (which only comes over me when I am medicine-free), and live and die in the forest, and finally enter the heaven of the forests, which is the heaven I long for, and which I have had planted in me by the dogs (I have no real need for streets of gold and gates of pearl, these are not the real heaven in the world of the Resurrection).

What keeps me from doing this are all the homeless in Stockholm who need my help, as well as my writing, i.e. my internet mission. But one day I will probably get to do this, perhaps in the Millennium in heaven, on the New Earth.

Just recently I felt an indescribable romantic longing for and yearning for and attraction to the forest, the strongest I have felt since I started taking psychiatric medications in the summer of 2008. As if nature was calling me. The sun called to me, the sunshine became a shimmer of

longing. Despite everything, my romantic feelings live beneath the surface of my emotional life killed by psychotropic drugs, I felt that in this experience today. It is typical of me that when I really feel something, this is what I feel, my true self emerges, which is the Forest Man, that is what I really am, the Forest Man Snailson, but I am not allowed by psychiatry (and not by Titti Spaltro) to be who I am and live the life I want. They only want to civilize me, although all of nature screams that civilization is a catastrophe, a **HORRIBLE FIASCO**. Do you think psychiatry cares about that? Not one bit. They are not on those wavelengths at all.

Maybe one day this longing will become too strong, and I will give in (this longing visits me from time to time, and it always ends with me making plans in my head for how I will be able to escape to the forest, and then I think it will be too difficult and abandon the plans. Civilization has really made it as difficult as possible for us to return to nature). Then you may never hear from me again. But then I will first write a farewell letter on my blog. I promise. I cannot then continue with my blogging, because then I can easily be tracked. The forest will then become my sanctuary and home, and I will approach civilization in the timid way of a deer, to look for/beg for food (I cannot regularly withdraw money from the ATM either then, then I can also easily be tracked). In a way, I am already there in spirit, and have always been, ever since I was adopted by the dogs in 2009, my "paradisiacal adoption".

Does psychiatry want me to repress and forget who I am deep down? With neurotoxins and punishment (I will be committed to a psychiatric ward if I escape, it has happened before)? That's how it feels. And it feels like a very rotten repression.

But I will try to describe how I felt in my bout of forest longing, in the following poem:

Lure to the forest paradise

After years of chemical soul-pesticides
neurotoxins so nicely called "psychiatric drugs",
suddenly my dead romantic emotional life rises,
the surface of my soul cracks,
like a dandelion through asphalt,
and I get to feel for a moment who I really am,
in all the nakedness and wild strength of the soul,
behind layers upon layers of silencing and numbing.

And I hear the Sun's rays luring me,
as in a romantic shimmer of longing,
and I hear the forest luring me,
and I hear the animals luring me,
and I know that the life I now live
is not the true life,
but a mere shadow,
a life of letters and thoughts and dreams only,
a captivity,
a slavery under powers,
powers that want me to forget and hide
what I have experienced right now.

* * *

My longing is not for the life of wealth in civilization, not for technology, it is for the impoverishment, the ascetic kenosis life in voluntary poverty, there I have my paradise, and therefore you can never be completely sure that you will keep me in civilization, because this is a good longing I have, it is a longing for the real heaven, not for streets of gold and pearly gates, the false heaven, yes, this longing in me is so pure and holy that I always have to wrestle with myself to manage to resist the temptation to escape from psychiatry to life in the forest. One day I may no longer be able to resist. I am actually even **ready to take my punish-**

ment if I do, the punishment which is perhaps a few months in psychiatric captivity, if I am lucky, plus greatly increased medication with their **neurotoxins** (how psychiatrist Peter Breggin name the psychiatric drugs). It may be worth it. Worth a few months of wandering in the forests, before I, perhaps, finally get stuck. These are the considerations I make when the lure of the forest makes itself felt.

When the time comes, I will break away. When I have fulfilled my mission in civilization. I probably feel that, when I have done my part. Maybe civilization will become toothless in its attempt to keep us from returning to nature, when the great Collapse comes. Maybe then it will finally understand, albeit too late, that we all have to go back to our old ways. Maybe I will have to wait until the Millennial Kingdom to be able to do this. According to the words of a powerful angel in a dream just over a year ago (see here), I will "move to a summer valley in 2048". It is probably a forested valley, I think. It felt as if I would live the original life there. In 24 years.

I can manage to wait for such a lovely thing. I count the days, and rejoice every day I get closer to that day. I love the forest so much. And it is the trees and the dogs that have given me this great love.

I remember what I did 24 years ago (I was in ninth grade then). It is not that long after all. And time tends to speed up as we age.

The Camel and Donkey God (poem)

You wonder why God
doesn't end evil right away,
why He doesn't intervene more.

But my friend,
God is the most **tenacious** and **patient**
being in the universe,
more camel and donkey
than the camel and donkey themselves,
and He has the patience and **time***
to wait for His prodigal sons
to voluntarily come home,
He wins their hearts in the end,
with His exceedingly sweet plan of salvation,
and **it takes time**,
but it is the only possible way.

* "*There is no one who has time in the world*
but God alone" (Edith Södergran, from this poem)

A man with time and times

(poem inspired by the poet Verner Boström, translated to English)

There is in time and times,
a timely man, who indeed,
can deploy time and times
if it's required from this man.

And if you have a little time and times,
you can share it with somebody else,
who need a little time and times,
with love and with each other,

And if you have a little time and times,
then you can time yourself through all
that here in time and times
is commanded by the Lord.

And if you have a little time and times,
make them then to the time of Christ,
who listens and who suffers,
with the strife of the world.

(28.5.2023)

In the silent evening dusk (sung by Einar Ekberg)

(here you can listen to Einar Ekberg, singing the song on YouTube. I have taken the song from here. I quote two verses of totally three, which I have translated to English:)

In the silent evening dusk

1. In the silent evening dusk with rosy skies,
   while the sun has sunk, the day has faded,
   I have felt the presence of Jesus, and I often wondered,
   won't he come soon, as he has said before.

Chorus: O, I long and I wait every day and every moment,
and I wonder why he lingers still.
But in the early morning dawn and in the quiet evening
yet He whispers, yes, I am coming, coming soon.

2. In the sunlight of the morning or during a rainy day
   an indescribable longing has filled my chest.
   Will the clouds soon burst, will he soon come my friend
   to collect those He has redeemed from the earth.

(Composed by Jesse B. Thomas. Could it be this? Written by King Ethel V. Could it be this? Translated into Swedish by Einar Ekberg, and then into English back, by me)

My comment: This beautiful song reminds me of the mystic and Holiness Unionist, the preacher Emil Gustafson (1862-1900), who suffered so much during his short life, and who wrote so much about the theology

of suffering. At the end of his life, on his sickbed, he waited so intensely to die and go to heaven, that there was a sweetness in this waiting, a sweetness of suffering, as if he already possessed a little of what he was waiting for so fervently. Another poet of the Holiness movement, "Smith's Friends" founder Johan O. Smith, sings in a song in the Smith's Friends' Norwegian songbook "Herrens Veier" that "Lidelsen selv synes söt" ("Suffering itself seems sweet").

I also think of the time when I most, in my entire life, waited for and longed for the return of Jesus. It was when, after my first time as a psychiatric patient in 2008, I escaped from psychiatry in Espoo, Finland, to Turku via studies in theology in Turku (it was my only way to escape from the horrible medications). I was a wreck after the harsh treatment with neurotoxins, truly toxic psychiatric medications (pure torture), and only recovered slowly. During this time, I only read about the return of Jesus in the Bible, all the places that dealt with it, I collected from such places, and discovered to my delight that, as Ulrik Petersson writes in this debate article in the newspaper Dagen, "*The second coming of Jesus is mentioned a full 318 times in the New Testament, and several scriptures in the Old Testament also illuminate this truth*". The return of Jesus is thus one of the most important topics in the New Testament. During this time, when I was researching this, all that the New Testament had to say about the return of Jesus, I could feel an indescribable sweetness of waiting, in the midst of my suffering, yes, a sweetness of waiting that reminds me of the song above. It was as if my whole being, every cell in my body and soul, was crying out for the return of Jesus, and it was as if the spirit of Jesus, the Spirit of Life, was there, comforting me, as He Himself said, that "*blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness*."

I am still waiting, but not so intensely. But waiting is an element of my life, as long as Jesus has not come, as the name of my blog indicates.

The Eternal End of Waiting

I once heard the following story from a Sufi sheikh:

"I was so desperate for the return of Jesus
and the end of suffering.
Again and again I kept counting down
to some prophet's doomsday date or
to my own calculations of the arrival of doomsday.

Then one fine day, a dandelion spoke to me
that **God's presence is the return of Jesus**,
and that it is in all things, always, everywhere.
I was speechless, and stopped waiting for doomsday.
However you look at it, in a way
Jesus' return has happened since eternity,
and is happening right now.
Oh, if only you would open your calyx and receive the Sun.
Oh that you would believe, so your long wait could end."

(Lars Larsen, 12.8.2022)

"The Great Tribulation" is a great mystery. For many it belongs to the past.

(this blog entry can be read to the incredibly beautiful and tender tones of "Blissing me" by Björk)

Dear friends. Sometimes certain truths feel almost too sweet to be true. So sweet that one wants to know everything about them, to make sure that they are true. Now I will present such a truth to you, and it is written with my heart's blood, from almost sixteen years of suffering under the terror of psychiatry, and that is the very essence of my prophetic work here on the blog.

To all who impatiently await the Day of Judgment and the breakthrough of the Kingdom of God, I want to say this:

Like "the return of Jesus", "The Great Tribulation" is also a great mystery. Some people on our earth have already lived through **their** Great Tribulation, and **will never suffer as much again**, never in eternity, no matter what happens. This is common in psychiatry. There it is often worst at the beginning, when you don't understand anything and you are not used to the horrible poisons you are forced to take.

Among the others at the bottom of society this is also common. Many there have had their Great Tribulation, and will only be superficially touched by the Great Tribulation that will be experienced by the whole of civilization at the end of time, when Babylon, "The Great City" (Rev. 18:21), "the Global City", will fall, right before Jesus' visible return and the establishment of the Millennial Kingdom. That is why I preach that the worst is behind us (see this blog post by me). That is how it is for most people on our planet, because most beings on our planet live at the bottom of everything. And what applies to the vast majority, yes, that is what really counts, what matters most.

Let me put it this way: What are starvation and freezing, war and natural disasters and death compared to decades of torment in the satanic hell of psychiatry, its sterile prisons and horrible poisons, or for that matter, compared to living a whole life locked up in a small cage or a small stall in an animal factory? Nothing, these things are actually pure child's play.

Death and the forces of nature are not frightening to the good man, or to the non-human animal, the one who lives humbly at the bottom of everything. Torture, on the other hand, is frightening to everyone.

That is the case with the poor, that is, most of them. For the rich in the world, however, who constitute a vanishingly small minority of our planet's beings, there certainly remains a Great Tribulation, not least when the stock markets crash deeply, and they lose their millions and billions, yes jobs and maybe even homes. **However, they would not be so afraid and despairing if they knew what I know about poverty and homelessness.**

"*Die before death, so you don't die when you die*", is an expression from the theology of mysticism that fits well with the phenomenon I am talking about in this blog post. "The mystical death", this is called. Many poor people have died the mystical death.

It was early on that God showed me that the worst was over. I saw it clearly as silver, in the Spirit, as if I were a psychic, already in the spring of 2020, during the worst months of the pandemic, when I took refuge in the wilderness for 40 sleepless and incredibly vivid days. Then I saw that "Peak Oil", the oil peak, which was at the same time the peak of the entire civilizational project and of all material wealth, when we sold the most smartphones in the world (see this article about this) in history, was the peak of suffering. I understood then that we had it behind us. And I was right. Almost everyone who is familiar with this seems to agree that from here on out there is only one path towards greater and greater poverty, i.e. a return to nature, i.e. to paradise, where everyone is poor. I have written about the paradise of poverty and the hell of wealth in the

blog post "Snart skall vi ut ur rikedomens förbannelse och in i fattigdomens välsignelse" ("Soon we will get out of the curse of wealth and into the blessing of poverty") which I posted on my blog on 19.9.2023.

On the wall of my most important deserted house in the forest (I've lived in many of them) in the spring of 2020 I wrote just this: **The worst is over**. It is still there to this day, and reminds me of how clear-sighted I was then, **in the utmost "psychosis**".

This is one of the most liberating truths I know. And it becomes more and more true for me, the more I learn.

It is not unusual that I only understand long afterwards that I was right about my "psychoses", truths that psychiatry will always brainwash me to deny, as they make me doubt everything I experienced in my psychoses, everything I believed in at the time, with their "gaslighting".

Part 2:
Comfort in the End Times

Perhaps the most liberating words I have ever heard in my life: What an angel said to Dannion Brinkley

Perhaps the most liberating words I have ever heard in my life: what an angel said to Dannion Brinkley.

In this blog post I said that psychiatrist Bruce Greyson's words about death and near-death experiences were some of the most important things I have ever heard in my life. Now I will quote some words that were perhaps the most liberating words I have ever heard in my life. This also comes from a near-death experience. It is the American Dannion Brinkley who quotes what an angel said to him in his near-death experience:

" "Your role in the existence of the earth is truly that of a hero," one of the beings said to me, referring to all of humanity. "You who go down to earth are heroes and heroines, for you are doing something that no other spiritual beings have the courage to do. You have come down to earth to create together with God."

(from p. 32 of the Swedish translation, "Inte rädd för att dö" of the book "At peace in the Light", by Dannion Brinkley in collaboration with Paul Perry, Swedish edition 1997. The English original from 1995 can be seen on Amazon, här, and read freely here)

Doesn't this feel like genuine angelic words? It feels too sweet to come from a human imagination. These words instantly overturn all feelings of inferiority and all fear of hell, and shed a liberating light on human life. They feel like a foundation on which one could build one's entire life and thinking. I have expressed similar thoughts on my blogs, that it was very brave of us to dare to come down here to "hell", i.e. earthly life, and that this courage is such a bonus that nothing we do can wipe

out the buffer of goodness that this bonus constitutes (something like this was said to me by an angel in a vision during a suicide attempt in the fall of 2008, I have written about this here. That is probably why I can recognize the angelic in Dannion's angelic words).

It gets better (aphorism)

When you have lived long enough in the Sahara, you begin to know the oases and the hidden springs under the sand. So also in the world of the soul and the spirit.

Congratulations to my fellow humans on Earth: the worst is over

And so I want to congratulate all of you, all of humanity's lovely creatures on Earth, for making it this far. Just think, we made it this far. All of the people on Earth, and even the animals, insects, plants and microcreatures on Earth. Just think, we made it this far. Heroes are what you are, all of you (even those who didn't make it this far are heroes for what they managed on Earth). It's not a given that you made it. Heaven doesn't take it for granted. But if we made it this far, maybe we can make it to the end. The worst is over, the peak of wealth hell has been reached (1) and passed long ago, and poverty awaits us, blessed poverty, for it is in poverty and among the poor that love lives best (see this blog post by me recently), yes, in the humility and "earthedness" that poverty likes to create in people, which dogs, beggars, bottle collectors, old alcoholics, poor pensioners at the central railway station, Romanian Gipsies and homeless people have proven to me beyond all doubt. There love lives still even as in non-human animals, who are all extremely poor, measured by the yardstick of Western civilization.

(1) in November 2018 we reached the peak, when all oil, even unconventional, peaked, or, at the latest then. See this blog post by me from September 2022, and this blog post by me from June 2023, and this article from 2017.

Something about suffering, growing in Sahara, and dying of grief

When we witness severe suffering, e.g. in the elderly or in mental patients, and we then wonder where God is, we really know nothing about how God gives everyone the strength to bear their suffering, even atheists, we know nothing about how God works in the hidden, often nameless, helping even atheists without them knowing it, and we should therefore not be quick to accuse God or doubt His existence.

In the middle of the Sahara mysterious plants grow (like these), reminiscent in hardiness of camels, and in nutrient-poor asphalt cracks dandelions can grow, and we may have difficulty understanding how these can grow and thrive there, how they can even want to grow there, but we should not doubt that they want to, and that they get their share of the forces of life (without which we wither and stop living, die of sadness and lack of lust for life), so that they can grow, and not wither. So too with the suffering. It is like in my poem "The House Spider's Song" (Husspindelns visa), where the house spider says about its poor life: "*But who knows what God has for me there?*". How can the house spider want to live in such a poor and dangerous environment as an apartment?

I once heard a story about a dog that died of heartbreak after its owner died. It just stopped eating. For that dog, the rain on the Sahara plant completely stopped. When it ends, we seek higher spheres, where the climate is much better, but as long as there is a little rain in the Sahara, no matter how little, there is something in us that wants to stay here in the world of suffering, and this something cannot be explained, this something is something that is enough for us, for us to stay. We stay because God in us wants it. And when the time comes, we move to a better climate, both spiritually and physically, namely the heavenly world.

Singer and actor Thore Skogman died of grief after his wife Britt. Read about it here.

No one has to stay in this world of suffering, which I call "the only hell that exists". If we think we "get too little rain", then we tell God, and God hears our prayers, and moves us to a better world, if not here on earth, then over to the spirit world. We have to trust in that. If the spirit world really exists, then yes, then it works this way.

The main reasons why I believe in the ”rapture”

See what the "rapture" means, here. In short, it is about the transformation and rapture of the saints to heaven before the "Great Tribulation", the "Great Time of Suffering", begins.

My main reasons for believing in the "rapture":

1) The Bible seems to teach it. Think about how the story of Noah and the flood unfolded. And how the story of Lot and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah unfolded.

The Book of Revelation is especially important here, which crowns the Bible and is the most important book of the Bible. It is the book that teaches the "rapture" more than any other. See for example this blogpost of mine. See also this blogpost of mine.

2) The psychic shoemaker Hjalmar Ekström (1885-1962), my foremost spiritual teacher after Jesus, believed in it. Since he was a psychic, and was at the bottom of society (became known only after his death), his words have great importance to me.

3) All the countless dreams and visions of a rapture that are on YouTube. Just search for "rapture" + "visions" and "rapture" + "dreams". I have collected a number of such videos here.

4) That the Antichrist has difficulty standing up and implementing his plans if the Saints are still on earth (the Saints are tens of millions at least [without including the children], and function as salt in the decay of civilization). The mark of the beast, for example, is difficult to implement if the Saints are still there. That, since it is prophesied in the Bible that the Antichrist will stand up and implement his plans, at least for a

short time, the Saints must be raptured away for the divine, prophetic mathematics to be correct here. See for example what Paul says about this in 2. Thess. 2:1-8:

*"**2** Now concerning [a]the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and our [b]being gathered together to him, we ask you, brothers,[1] **2** not to be quickly shaken in mind or [c]alarmed, either [d]by a spirit or a [e]spoken word, or [e]a letter seeming to be from us, to the effect that [f]the day of the Lord has come. **3** [g]Let no one deceive you in any way. For that day will not come, [h]unless the rebellion comes first, and [i]the man of lawlessness[2] is revealed, [j]the son of destruction,[3] **4** who opposes and exalts himself against every so-called god or object of worship, so that he takes his seat in the temple of God, [k]proclaiming himself to be God. **5** Do you not remember that when I was still with you I told you these things? **6** And you know what is restraining him now so that he may be revealed in his time. **7** For [l]the mystery of lawlessness [m]is already at work. Only he who now restrains it will do so until he is out of the way. **8** And then [n]the lawless one will be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus [o]will kill with [p]the breath of his mouth and bring to nothing by [q]the appearance of his coming."*
(English Standard Version)

5) That divine justice seems to demand this, that the Saints be spared from the worst tribulations of the end times, and taken to heaven before the wrath of God and Mother Earth rises against civilization in all its strength.

Near-death experiencer Anita Moorjani about the fear of the afterlife

"And the other thing is that, you know, culturally, many of us are conditioned to fear the afterlife, and we live our lives doing things out of a fear of the afterlife, I realized there is nothing to fear. And that's really the big point here. Is that where I thought I was going to be punished and everything. No, it's very benevolent in the afterlife, very, very benevolent. And, I felt as though all my loved ones and you know, everybody, my guides, like, whoever you want to call it, like source, energy itself, was revering me, it was like a big, like, welcome back. And you've been through an arduous journey. And it's, it feels like if I put human language or feelings or human words to it, it's like a feeling of coming home. But it's almost like a feeling of being thrown a welcome home party. And, and what I realized is, they revere us, it's like, you get kudos for coming through this journey. Nobody comes out of it alive."

(Near-death experiencer Anita Moorjani in this YouTube interview one month ago, from 31.20 in the video to 32.49)

My comment: These words are some of the most beautiful and comforting I've ever heard. I have written about Anita on my blogs before, here (on this blog) and here, and her near-death experience is one of my absolute favourites in that area. Thee words above remind of what an angel said to near-death experiencer Dannion Brinkley, an American soldier from the Vietnam war, words that I have quoted here. It also reminds of something that veteran near-death experience researcher Bruce Greyson said in this YouTube video, words that I have written down here.

Folks, things like this are typical for near-death experiences. These experiences often reveal a much more comforting and beautiful reality than what the Church and any religion has taught us. Yes, they have such

a lovely comfort, that only the loveliness of this comfort, how beautiful it is, is enough to convince me of their origin in a higher world.

I recommend everyone of my readers to meditate on things like this, they are really difficult to grasp. Meditate and contemplate them, and taste the very sweetness of them. Then I think the bible verse will be fulfilled, that says **"Taste and see that the Lord is good"** (Ps. 34:8).

Anita Moorjani about her incredible near-death experience

All the world should hear this testimony from the Indian woman Anita Moorjani (b.1959):

"I was drifting in and out of consciousness during this time, and I could feel my spirit actually leaving my body. I saw and heard the conversations between my husband and the doctors taking place outside my room, about 40 feet away down a hallway. I was later able to verify this conversation to my shocked husband. Then I actually "crossed over" to another dimension, where I was engulfed in a total feeling of love. I also experienced extreme clarity of why I had the cancer, why I had come into this life in the first place, what role everyone in my family played in my life in the grand scheme of things, and generally how life works. The clarity and understanding I obtained in this state is almost indescribable. Words seem to limit the experience — I was at a place where I understood how much more there is than what we are able to conceive in our 3-dimensional world. I realized what a gift life was, and that I was surrounded by loving spiritual beings, who were always around me even when I did not know it."

(from PART ONE: ANITA MOORJANI'S NDE, in the article on this website, scroll down a bit)

My comment: Think about the fact that **Anita Moorjani isn't a Christian**, her spirituality is Eastern and New Age (her book about her near-death experience is published by Hay House, a New Age publishing house, see here). If an Indian pagan, almost a hindu, can experience something like that, think then what a Christian could experience! Because Christianity, or the religion of Jesus (which is something else than Christianity), is the highest form of religion.

Comfort for the uttermost pessimist

If God is evil, it’s not he who is God.

Then we were like dreamers (poem) + a song by the Smith's friend Thorleif Hansen

(This poem can be read with advantage to the French composer *Jean-Philippe Rameau's* [1683 – 1764] incredibly beautiful piece of classical music, called "*Tendre Amour*". It is almost better than Bach at his best. Rameau was only two years older than Bach)

Then we were like dreamers

When we heard
the message of our liberation
after fourteen years of hard labor in the coal mines,
we walked like dreamers,
almost like a starving Gipsy beggar in Stockholm
who finds a large, ancient, buried gold treasure from the Viking Age,
in the Nacka Reserve just outside Stockholm,
and goes home to his people,
without really believing that what had happened had really happened.

Yes, almost like Mary Magdalene, almost like her,
at the meeting, early in the dawn
with the Risen, the Living.

Like streams in the south,
homeward they go,
the fallen of the sheep of Israel.

(By Lasse Lushjärnan, eng. Lasse Louse-Brain, 8.9.2023, inspired by Psalm 126 in the Bible and Thorleif Hansen's Norwegian song "I verden der drives av stormer omkring", no. 29 in the Smith's Friends´ hymnal

book "Herrens Veier"* Thorleif was one of the foremost poets in Smith's Friends)

* Here is the song in Norwegian:

I verden der drives av stormer omkring
(mel. Men hvorfor vel sörge)

I verden der drives av stormer omkring
De sjeler som ikke vil tro.
De gjöres till treller av synder og form
Ved ord ifra lögnerens munn.

Jeg lenge med massene förtes avsted,
Ble drevet av meningers vind.
Jeg hadde ei kraft till å bryte de bånd
Som lenket og trykket min ånd.

Men nu er jeg fri, for nå er Gud min kraft.
Han opplyste gravmörke natt.
Da fangen blev fri, han som drömmende gikk,
Og glemte hva han hadde lidd.

Jeg skjult i hans legem på korset er satt,
Ved trosnagler holdes jeg fast.
Der fienden bundet og makteslös er
For Jesus jo knuste ham der.

Usigelig, herliggjort gleden nu blir
Ved hjelpen som Herren oss gir.
Lik bekker i sydlandet hjemad de går,

De fangne av Israels får. (Salme 126,4)

I tro vil vi stå på den plass vi er satt.
Ved veiene holder vi vakt.
Ei röver og leiesvenn nu så som för
Skal tillukke kunskapens dör.

(Thorleif Hansen)

One fine morning (poem)

One fine morning
something will happen
that will completely transform your life
forever,
a new era in your life will begin
that you never imagined existed.

(Lasse Lushjärnan, 13.9.2023)

Sweet spiritual dream on the night of 4.9

I dreamed on the night of 4.9.2023 that I admitted myself to a psychiatric ward, where "T-centralsmicke" (a homeless legend who lives at T-Centralen) was also at the time, and this time it went really well. I remember telling T-centralsmicke that *"what I fear is that in a mental crisis there will be nothing else to resort to but ecophilosophy, because it gives so little in such contexts. But on the other hand, if the old gospel, the one about Jesus and his blood, is true, then existence is permeated with life!"*

On the ward I saw T-centralsmicke punch another patient in the stomach for fun, he was reprimanded for it.

I also told another patient that "the worst is over", from the perspective of the poor, i.e. most people on earth.

My comment: This dream reminds me of what I wrote in the blog post Gratulation till mina medmänniskor på jorden: det värsta är över" ("Congratulations to my fellow human beings on earth: the worst is over") recently. Now I received confirmation in the dream that it is true what I wrote there. **The worst is not hunger and starvation, cold and freezing, fleas and lice, toil in the fields, aching limbs, cancer, pneumonia and all kinds of diseases, the worst is the lack of love, ruthlessness and indifference, loneliness and isolation from the wholeness of life, the lack of community and, not least, greed**. This is how it looks from God's perspective, the real hell for God is not suffering, but sin, evil, **standing outside the Source of Life, that which carries us by its lovely bosom and makes us endure in the most difficult trials.**

It is simple mathematics: **since love is the most important thing in life, the lack of love must be the worst thing in life.**

Soon we will be out of the curse of wealth and into the blessing of poverty

There is a curse on wealth (I once felt it strongly, in January 2008, at Nya Slottet Bjärka Säby, which I visited at the time, and I wrote about this curse on my blog back then, a terrible blow to the wealth of the Pentecostals), because of its connection with greed, petty-mindedness, competitive mentality, climbing on corpses, career mentality, concern for property, honor and reputation, bad conscience (which leads to pure indulgence industry), stress, superficiality, destruction of nature, colonialism, enslaving animals, gluttony, ill health, lack of exercise and not least **pride**, because God opposes the proud according to the Bible, and because of Jesus' classic words **"Woe to you who are rich!"** and **"Woe to you who are now well fed!"** Here are the most important Bible passages on this:

"*But woe to you who are rich, for you have received your consolation!"* (Luke 6:24)

"Woe to you who are well fed now, for you will hunger! Woe to you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep!" (Luke 6:25)

"But those who want to be rich fall into temptation and a snare and many foolish and harmful desires, which plunge people into destruction and ruin." (1 Timothy 6:9)

"Hear now, you rich: weep and howl for the miseries that are coming upon you." (James 5:1) (Note! Not only does wealth lead to destruction, for oneself and nature, **it is destruction in itself**, see the next Bible passage. A bit like sin and evil are their own punishment, it does not only lead to destruction/"punishment")

"*But the grace he gives is much greater; therefore it is said, "God opposes the proud, but gives grace to the humble."* (James 4:6)

On the other hand, Jesus says plainly that **the poor are blessed (he himself was poor, a homeless beggar, so he knew what he was talking about**):

"*And he lifted up his eyes and said to his disciples, "Blessed are you who are poor, for yours is the kingdom of God."* (Luke 6:20)

Civilization is coming to an end (see my latest blog post about the decline of oil). We shall thus come out of the curse of wealth, into the blessing of poverty. The whole of civilization. For the unbelievers this is a catastrophe, but for the humble and faithful it is the sprouting of the Millennium. This Millennium sometimes feels to me like a dark, animal warmth that lies in my belly and sprouts, which I brood over, like a hen over her egg. Yes, that is how I have experienced it. I feel paradise sprouting within me, and **it has a direct connection with world events.**

The Millennium will not consist of streets of gold and pearly gates (least of all technology), as is so falsely preached by the Babel church, but **in the restoration of wild nature**, the return of Eden, and our own subordination under this kingdom, the restoration of our own wildness. Ecotheology must be about this if it is to be serious, otherwise it is not even worthy of bearing this name.

That poverty is a blessing, goes against all worldly reason, and **is one of the secrets of paradise**, a mystery that Christian mysticism in particular has pondered. The Babel church hardly ever speaks of this. It is obsessed with civilization and civilized spirituality, and it sings "I have heard of a city in the clouds" instead of longing for wild indigenous people, non-human animals, meadows and wild forests.

The faithful do not fear poverty, for they know that God watches over them. The faithful have extremely few material needs, and "*therefore shall not be hurt by the second death*" (Rev. 2:11), i.e. the collapse of

civilization, which is the death of the old Adam and of death and the kingdom of hell. The world of the resurrection, the world to which all non-human animals and plants go after death, will triumph in the end.

I have suffered so deeply under wealth and civilization, especially its worst vices, which are drugs and neurotoxins, that I may be among the first to joyfully welcome "harder times", the collapse of civilization. This is my victory. I look forward with excitement and sweet anticipation to what awaits us beyond civilization, and I am not afraid of hard physical labor, I am not afraid of starving to death, but it will be for me an exciting adventure and a welcome to the world I actually belong to, where I have my kingdom, the spirit world, the sky, which belongs to the wild nature.

I have always longed to live in the poor countries of Africa or deep in the Amazon rainforest, where it feels as if remnants of Eden still live.

And what do these places have? Well, the blessed material poverty and the wealth of the spirit, the wealth of love. **Where community, i.e. love and sharing of property, and not least the supernatural, are something self-evident,** while the rich in the West dig deeper and deeper into their nihilism and godless literature and art. **I hate the hideous culture of the rich, full of cynicism, materialism, atheism and godless pessimism and polluted detective novel fantasy. Ugly thoughts about existence and God and paradise, simply, a fantasy where everything is upside down, where wealth and environmental destruction are heaven and poverty and thrift and environmental friendliness are hell, when in fact it is the opposite**.

We are heading towards poverty, the one so loved by the saints (such as Francis of Assisi) and the Russian holy fools, and **the worst is thus behind us.** In November 2018 we experienced the culmination, the climax of decay, when oil peaked, and after that nothing has been the same, Bill Gates, Anthony Fauci and the elite orchestrated a pandemic in pure despair that we now have to start saving energy. Yes, they did save, but in their own devilish, anti-Christian way.

Why is true thrift so terrible? It is training in neighborly love and usefulness, it is the true **kingdom of usefulness**, which Swedenborg described heaven as. Industries are not usefulness, environmental friendliness is.

This is what I have lived for for almost twenty years.

All is well and all shall be well. And a parable to understand this.

(this blogpost may very well be read to the music of the reggae song "Groundation - One More Day", full of life)

"Al-Baseer. The All-Seeing. God sees everything, but he sees with his divine glance, the silver glance. The glance that sees everything as it is. We cannot stand to see things as it is, because then we would see heaven and hell, and it would give us anguish, like we have taken too much cannabis. But God stands this sight. Why? Because he know something that we do not know; that all is well, in some strange sense, and all will end well. That we do not see. Babies see this with the divine glance, and rest in God like the fall of man has never happened.

Why is all well in a strange sense? Because God is in control of everything. Therefore there is no reason to fear. God is good."

(A more than three years old aphorism of mine, taken from this book of mine, page 43-44, it was from the series of explaining the 26 first of Allah's 99 names in islam)

My comment: This old aphorism of mine reminds me of the words of young Ukrainian hippie Andrii Zvorygin in his YouTube series on Peak Oil, with discussions with some peakoilers. After discussing Peak Oil and collapse for an hour, he ended the video with the words that *"all is well and all will be well*", which made a deep impression on me (this guy knows much here, concerning the inevitable Collapse of Civilization). It was somehow deeply comforting, as if I knew that it is true.

Then I just now came up with the following parable (I'm very fond of parables, because I'm a disciple of Jesus the Nazorean):

Our situation on earth can be likened with a diver, who dives in the open sea with those old, simple diving tools (see here a picture of one) where you swim under water while a tube up over the surface is connected to your mouth so that you can breath air. Our faith in God and life is that tube, and we can forget it or deny that we have it. It keeps us alive, keeps us from committing suicide, which is like diving too deep so that the tube goes under water and we drown. We can also forget that we are only **diving** in hell (earthly life is certainly hell in comparison with paradise), while the world above the surface is paradise. We can begin to believe that the water world in the grea sea is our real life, and that we **have to** live there, where the pressure is great (we have a really long tube, we dive and swim deeply, and do not see the world above the surface, or much light from it at all). We often do not know or remember that a boat sails by our side on the waters where we dive, and checks our condition all the time, with a special technology. If we are hurting too badly, the staff in the boat takes us up from the water, to our real world, where we belong, so that we are rescued from unbearable pain (if we cannot swim up to the surface by ourselves, for some reason).

The staff in the boat has trained us, for a long time, before our dive (to complete some divine mission), to remember the boat, the staff and our real home, paradise, to not forget these things. To remember that we can come up from the water whenever we want, just by swimming up to the surface and taking contact with the staff in the boat so they can take us up in the boat (whatever this correlates with in the real world). But easily we forget, and become afraid, as if no one could rescue us, and we could risk suffering too much.

We were trained for a long time before the dive **to remember**. To remember history. To meditate upon history, our origins, on God, our real home. That the boat and the staff exist. God and the angels, yes the entire paradise, which encompasses most of reality.

This is maybe sometimes the best thing we can do, in fact, to evolve spiritually. Just remembering. Becoming filled with history, knowledge, wisdom. Old, old history. And this is the reason why old people in our society are less scared and stressed than young people, although they

battle more with sicknesses and have more in their lives, more people, more stuff, more Mammon.

In fact, as we learn more and more, we become less and less afraid, because we, in the end, ultimately, **live in a friendly universe**, because there is a good God and a paradise of holy beings who watch over us.

So simple spirituality sometimes is. That it is just about remembering. To train ourselves in remembering, not with our short memory, but with our long memory, with our most spiritual memory, the one who remembers God. Monks in eastern religions and practitioners of sufism (mystical islam) train themselves to remember God, through for example mantras.

This was also the only "technique" I was given by angels ("light beings") in the most holy spiritual vision in all my life, when I asked for such things. **Just to remember** what had happened that night, when I conversed all the night with myriads of angels who lived inside God, in a collective consciousness. It was in the summer of 2012. I have written about it before on my blogs.

Only to remember. Without meditation techniques like mantras. So simple it sometimes is.

This resonates exactly with my parable.

Yes, angels, I will remember you, and in fact, this vision of you was more real than this reality of my everyday life. It felt like it was the most true and real thing I had experienced in my whole life.

A story of incredible angelic help

I (Lars) met a middle-aged woman on the subway today. We started talking, as she had talked about angelic help on the phone. She told me the following incredible story:

Once when she was driving in Djursholm (a remote suburb of Stockholm, with only 9300 inhabitants), it was a normal weekday, maybe Tuesday, at five o'clock, she got "soppatorsk" (ran out of gas, gas stop). The car stopped. It couldn't be started anymore. Then she looked out the window, and saw that she had stopped right outside a church. There aren't many churches in Djursholm, as far as I know only Djursholm's chapel, Djursholm's chapel, where Nathanael Beskow preached, and Altorp's chapel at Djursholm's cemetery.

Then, just as the woman had discovered the church, two people came out of the church. Strange. Were the Lutheran churches in such a remote and small suburb open this time of week? The two of them came up to the car and asked the woman in the car if she needed help. Well, she needed gas. Then the two of them got a can of gas and helped the woman fill the tank with gas. Then the woman drove off, after thanking her for the help.

What was this? How likely was it that these two would come out of the church just when the woman ran out of gas outside their church, and that they also asked for help, and also had a can of gas at hand?

The probability is **astronomically** small, maybe one in a billion.

Therefore, I believe, like the woman, that they were angels in human disguise. I too have experienced a somewhat similar thing, with angelic help in Poland. But I have already written about that.

Professor Ken R. Vincent on near-death experiences and universal salvation

Retired psychology professor Ken R. Vincent (see also a presentation of him here) is a veteran expert both on the near-death experience (being a researcher of spiritual experiences, and having written two books on near-death experiences) and universalism (being a lay universalist minister and former Webmaster of The Universalist Herald website.). This makes him very unique. I really listen to what he says. He is very educated, indeed.

If anyone, Ken is the one who can utter the authoritative statement about the connection between universalism and near-death experiences.

Look what he has to say. In the article "The Near-Death Experience and Christian Universalism" in the Journal of Near-Death Studies (Autumn 2003), he says this in the description of the article:

"Article exploring the near-death experience (NDE) in the context of the theology of Christian Universalism. The article provides data on various models of Christian theology, and presents the model of Restorative Universalism as the one most compatible with reports of afterlife in the NDE."

In the beginning of the article itself he uses the following words: "*Of all the theological explanations for the near-death experience (NDE), the Doctrine of Universal Salvation, also known as Universalism, is the most compatible with contemporary NDE accounts."*

Sounds familiar? I have written about similar things before. In this blog-post on July 27, 2022, I quoted from the chapter *"Religious Experience research reveal universalist principles"* in the book *"The Golden Thread. Gods promise of universal salvation"* by Ken R. Vincent, published 2005, the following:

"Kevin Williams' Near-Death Experience Research
Kevin Williams, webmaster of the #1 NDE website on Google and Yahoo (www.near-death.com), is a committed Universalist. In his book, Nothing Better Than Death, he states that:
"Many Christians today cannot accept the NDE because it generally affirms Universal Salvation." "

Kevin Williams (B.Sc.) is one of the most learned near-death experience researchers out there (his website is a treasure chamber), and he surely knows what he writes about. He is almost a veteran in the field.

Observe now that Ken Vincent's article in the near-death journal was written in 2003, and his book "The Golden Thread" was written in 2005, which was 3 years and 1 year, respectively, before Anita Moorjani's near-death experience, which is the most universalistic and love-focused near-death experience I have ever heard or read about. It is ultra-universalistic (a theology like the "no-hellers" have, i.e. the "Primitive Baptist Universalists" and "the father of universalism" Hosea Ballou), which means that it denies the existence of a spirit world hell althogether (Betty J. Eadie's near-death experience almost reaches the same level of depth, it is also ultra-universalistic).

Anita Moorjani nailed it, with her near-death experience. She confirmed what Ken and Kevin had said. Beyond a shadow of a doubt. And her near-death experience was one of the most deep and lovely and marvellous I have read or heard about. So that you easily believe what she teaches. And her teaching is also so beautiful. It is that love is the only religion worth practicing.

Anita Moorjanis ultra-universalism and her focus on love makes it easy to believe that the near-death experience is more than fantasy and hallucination.

I mean, if love really is, in reality (like many theologians and mystics have taught), the foundation and center of the world, and somebody dies and comes back to life and tells you that they saw on the Other Side that it was all about love, then, surely it could very well be more than a fantasy!

It is as lovely as it gets.

Interesting comments thread on "Reddit/Collapse": psychedelic views on life and on the Collapse of Civilization

Check out the interesting comments below this post on Reddit/Collapse.

Especially this part of this comment gave me comfort:

"While on my last trip of 4gs APE, I saw a vision of the aftermath of the oceans rising and wiping humans off that face of the earth. I wept for the children of earth, but then I felt an overwhelming calmness and feeling of reassurance from an entity that it is all going to be okay."

This comment was also beautiful:

"Like a helicopter ride to the top of a mountain where you can now truly see the forest you were lost in, a positive psychedelic experience is invaluable but unless you're an "according to Hoyle" Buddha, you'll have to return to the dark woods when it's over.

Yes the helicopter ride was a shortcut, but it's awfully nice to know the mountain exists, that you can walk there the old fashioned way, and that the positive view of "it all" is equally legitimate. You can hold both views in tension."

One Swedish mystic and holy fool, Fritz Olofsson (1929-2008), said that drugs are a way to God, but it's a dangerous way. I agree. I don't recommend anyone to take drugs. Still, we can learn from those who dare to go this way.

It touched me to read about the acceptance of collapse that some of the commenters told the psychedelics gave them. And how they cried.

I have come to a place, in my spiritual development, where I definitely accept the collapse of civilization (I was never really invested in civilization), and to a place where I see it more like animals see it than humans, if I can use those words, or, I see it from their place and perspective, like a wildman and wild animal myself. A caged wild animal, who watches, with awe, death and thus liberation coming on the horizon, sooner than expected.

Our life’s forest and the way out (poem)

Life is like a large forest
with few paths in it,
easy to get lost in.
Many get lost in the forest of their life
and finally give up,
become atheists, materialists, nihilists,
suicides, become bitter and cynical,
maybe even murderers.
When these people die,
they, no matter how "evil" they have been,
are allowed to float above the forest, ethereally light,
up to a high mountain nearby, the great "Doomsday Mountain",
and then they get to stand and look, entranced,
at the view over the forest.
They get to see how small
the forest actually was,
how much lovely meadow, sea and beautiful buildings
there were around the forest,
and how close it had been
to the paths when they got lost,
these paths that had taken them
out of the forest when they got lost
and finally gave up.

And they think then, each one of them:
"If only I had known what I know now
at that time when I gave up.
But now I know
that God is just,
that life is fundamentally good and not to be despised,
and now I also know,
that "all's well that ends well."

And they also think:
"We thought life was evil,
we thought it was tragic at heart,
but that was only because
we did not know what we know now.
Now we see clearly that
knowledge is salvation,
the highest "gnosis" is Nirvana itself,
and so it can only be
if life, behind all the illusions of
that it is fundamentally cruel,
is fundamentally good.
And death, if nothing else,
breaks the dams of ignorance,
and the River of Knowledge, the River of Life,
gives us LIFE again, eternal LIFE,
when we look into the eternal Reality Itself.

(poem inspired by a comment on Reddit/Collapse)

An example of an universalistic near-death experience

"Melissa from Italy" has made two YouTube videos where she tells about her **extremely powerful** universalistic near-death experience at the age of 19, wich is an example of such things (Melissa has also the usual passionate focus of love, from her near-death experience), and is just a confirmation of my thesis about the connection between universalism and near-death experiences, which I laid out in this recent blogpost. Watch the videos here:

Q&A:Christian Universalism and My Near Death-Like Experience

Q&A Christian Universalism, Hell and Near Death Experiences

A very good theological YouTube video about Christian universalism (where you can deepen your knowledge about the topic) is this:

The Case for Christian Universalism with Robin Parry

"The Great Tribulation" is a great mystery. For many it belongs to the past.

(this blog post can be read to the incredibly beautiful and tender tones of "Blissing me" by Björk)

Dear friends. Sometimes certain truths feel almost too sweet to be true. So sweet that one wants to know everything about them, to make sure that they are true. Now I will present such a truth to you, and it is written with my heart's blood, from almost sixteen years of suffering under the terror of psychiatry, and that is the very essence of my prophetic work here on the blog.

To all who impatiently await the Day of Judgment and the breakthrough of the Kingdom of God, I want to say this:

Like the "return of Jesus", "The Great Tribulation" is also a great mystery. Some on our earth have already lived through **their** Great Tribulation, and **will never suffer as much again,** never in eternity, no matter what happens. In psychiatry this is common. There it is often worst at the beginning, when you don't understand anything and you are not used to the horrible poisons you are forced to take.

Among the others at the bottom of society this is also common. Many there have had **their** Great Tribulation, and will only be superficially touched by the Great Tribulation that will be experienced by the whole of civilization in the end times, when Babylon, "The Great City" (Rev. 18:21), "the Global City", will fall, just before the visible return of Jesus and the establishment of the Millennium. That is why I preach that the worst is behind us (see this blog post by me). That is how it is for most people on our planet, because most beings on our planet live at the bottom of everything. And what applies to the vast majority, yes, that is what really applies, what matters most.

Let me put it this way: What is starvation and freezing, war and natural disasters and death compared to decades of torment in the satanic hell of psychiatry, its sterile prisons and hideous poisons, or for that matter, compared to living a whole life locked up in a small cage or a small stall in an animal factory? Nothing, the first things are actually pure child's play.

Death and the forces of nature are not frightening to the good man, or to the non-human animal, the one who humbly lives at the bottom of everything. Torture, on the other hand, is frightening to everyone.

So it is with the poor, that is, most of them. For the rich of the world, on the other hand, who constitute a vanishingly small minority of the beings of our planet, a Great Tribulation certainly remains, not least when the stock markets crash deeply, and they lose their millions and billions, yes jobs and perhaps even homes. However, **they would not be so afraid and despairing if they knew what I know about poverty and homelessness.**

"*Die before death, so you don't die when you die"* is an expression from the theology of mysticism that fits well with the phenomenon I am talking about in this blog post. "The mystical death", this is called. Many poor people have died the mystical death.

It was early on that God showed me that the worst was over. I saw it silver clearly in the Spirit, as if I were psychic, already in the spring of 2020, during the worst months of the pandemic, when I took refuge in the wilderness for 40 sleepless and incredibly alive days. Then I saw that Peak Oil, the oil peak, which was at the same time the peak of the entire civilization project and material wealth, when we had the most smartphones sold in the history of the world (see this article about this), was the peak of suffering. I understood then that we had it behind us. And I was right. Almost everyone who is familiar with this seems to agree that from here on out there will only be greater and greater poverty, i.e. a return to nature, i.e. to paradise, where everyone is poor. I

have written about the paradise of poverty and the hell of wealth in the blog post Snart skall vi ut ur rikedomens förbannelse och in i fattigdomens välsignelse ("Soon we will leave the curse of wealth and enter the blessing of poverty") which I posted on this blog on 19.9.2023.

On the wall of my most important deserted house in the forest (I live in several such ones) I wrote this very thing in the spring of 2020: "***The worst is over***". It is still there to this day, and reminds me of how clear-sighted I was then, **in the utmost "psychosis".**

This is one of the most liberating truths I know of at all. And it becomes more and more true for me, the more I learn.

It is not unusual for me to only understand long afterwards that I was right about my "psychosis insights", truths that psychiatry will always brainwash me into denying, as they make me doubt everything I experienced in my psychoses, everything I believed in at the time, with their "gaslighting".

An angel’s lovely message to atheist neurosurgeon Eben Alexander

(This blog post is welcome to be read to the tune of the lovely old Finnish Pentecostal song “*Mä tiedän maan*" sung by Samuli Sirén. Einar Ekberg also sang it in Swedish, *here*)

Eben Alexander (b. 1953), an American atheist neurosurgeon, died and went to heaven in 2008, in the middle of the Great Financial Crisis. There he got to fly on a giant butterfly's wing over lovely lands, together with a lovely female angel that he had never met before. Do you know what the angel said to him on the wing? It stuck with me (here's an excerpt from Oprah Winfrey's interview with Eben):

*"**Oprah**: So now you're going into another dimension where you met a guide -- a woman who led you on a journey on the wings of a giant butterfly, into another world of inexplicable beauty. Did you recognize her?*

***Dr. Alexander:** No. She was very beautiful. And she was looking at me with the most loving smile.*

***Oprah:** What is the message you received? Tell us that.*

***Dr. Alexander:** "You are loved, deeply cherished, forever. There is nothing you have to fear. You will always be loved, and there's nothing that you can do wrong." "*

(From this article) (Here is a longer version of the experience)

Kvinnan på fjärilsvingen visade sig vara Eben's döda syster som han aldrig träffat:

"What Alexander couldn't understand is why he didn't see his father, who had died four years earlier, and he wondered who his companion was on the butterfly.

Alexander, who was adopted, said he had some belief in God in his early life, but that ended in February 2000 when he reached out to his birth parents and was told it wasn't a good time to connect because one of their daughters had died two years earlier.

Eventually, Alexander did connect with his birth family and their remaining two children. One of his birth sisters, Kathy, said she would send him a photo of their sister, Betsy, who had died in 1998. Four months after emerging from the coma, the envelope arrived.

"I looked at the picture of Betsy, this beautiful sister I had never met, and I knew exactly who was on the butterfly," Alexander said, his voice cracking. "It was absolutely crystal, clear. It was Betsy. I was so stunned I couldn't even stand up. This is too deep. ... The skeptic in me came back fighting."

His birth parents told him that Betsy was always bringing home stray dogs and cats, and that she always reached out to homeless people. They referred to her as an angel. He finally told them about his experience."

(From this article)

More from the last article:

"As he moved through various scenes, Alexander said he was speck on a butterfly's wing and beside him was a beautiful girl he had never seen before.

"She looked at me with a cherished, loving look," he said. "A love purer than any form of love on this earth."

His guardian angel didn't speak, he said, but he was able to read her thoughts.

Her thoughts were, "you are loved, cherished, dearly forever. There is nothing you can do wrong. You have nothing to fear. ... It was the most comforting and reassuring, purely unconditional love beyond description." "

A strange near-death experience

(This blog post is welcome to be read to the sound of this beautiful Bossa Nova hymn: *"I Could Sing Of Your Love Forever and the beautiful "Vittras vaggsång")*

There was an eighteen-year-old girl, Alva, who was suicidal. She had terrible anxiety and depression, and was disappointed in God and life, and blamed God and life for her situation. God was not fair, she thought, for letting her suffer this. She felt as if there was no way out of her situation, and in the end she gave up and overdosed on sleeping pills and had a near-death experience. In this experience, she came to an incredibly lovely and fairy-like meadow full of dandelions, bluebells and white daisies. Goats walked there in the deepest peace and grazed, freely, without fences. A crowd of light beings, they resembled ethereal elves or fairies, fairy-tale creatures anyway, with an incredible unconditional love radiating from within, came towards her. When they reached her, the one who came first said the following words:

"Dearest one. Do not be afraid. Do not be troubled. Have no anxiety. We are your family and protectors. It is us here who have the true control over what is happening."

These words were like a magic spell, which changed everything for Alva. Her spiritual eyes were opened at the same moment, and she was allowed to see reality as it is, behind the Curtain. This was enough, and instantly her will to live returned, and she had an immense longing to deal with her life again, and return to her body and make a new, brave attempt to live. And her longing was immediately granted, there was a "swoosh", and she was back in her body, and opened her eyes. At that time she was in intensive care, and had just had her stomach pumped.

She recovered, and became like a new person, full of lust for life and the will to do good, and everything worked out for her, and she got to testify

to the whole world that there is a higher world that is in true control. Her visit to heaven felt like only a few minutes, but they were the most important minutes of her entire life, and now she divides her life into two periods; the one before the near-death experience and the one after it.

When I have a hard time, I will think about this

When I have a hard time, there are three things I will think about:

1) The conference of the birds in the tree on Söder in Stockholm, and what they talked about (I have written about this in Swedish here)

2) The epiphany of psychiatrist Richard M. Bucke (I have written about this in Swedish here, read about it in English here, in the section 8 f.)

3) The light beings in the toilet at Jakob Tjäder's apartment in 2012 (I have written about this in Swedish here)

Aphorism about trust

Just as the fetus and the infant and the toddler trust, naturally and spontaneously, in their parents, so too should and **can** God's children trust safely, naturally and spontaneously in their heavenly Father, for the heavenly man in them, "The New Adam", is just like that fetus, the infant and the toddler are. Salvation is to receive this spirit, and I felt it very strongly when I received my faith back in May 2018. Never have I felt this spirit so strongly as in this filling with the Spirit, when I was permeated with an incredible **spirit of trust**.

One of the secrets of suffering

One of the secrets of suffering: when we are in the midst of severe suffering, we find it unbearable, and we think we are suffering too much, but when we have come out of it (as we always do eventually), and a long time has passed, we can look back on this suffering and think that **it was probably not so bad after all.**

That is how it is with all the hardships I have suffered.

Remember this, you who are in the midst of severe suffering.